

RADIANT THE CENTRE

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

"We stand before the secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance and unity into variety."—Emerson.

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Clear Vision of the World.

A Study of Schopenhauer.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Those of my readers who are conversant with the philosophy of Schopenhauer know that in his great work, "The World as Will and Idea," he finds the genesis of the world attributable to a twofold root-principle which he defines as Will and Idea. By Will he means the one universal Energy, and by Idea, the form or the definite and objective direction taken by the Will in its manifestation. In other words, Idea is the objectification of the Will.

Plato's "Idea," says Schopenhauer, is not the thing-in-itself, but its first manifestation as object for a subject. The Idea stands between the thing-in-itself and its visible objectivity. The Idea is really the whole thing-in-itself expressed in form.

The thing-in-itself does not mean any one object, but Substance itself. The term belongs to the Kantian philosophy. It is the "ding-an-sich" of Kant.

The Will, of which Schopenhauer treats as the primal source of life, is the World-Will, the one Will of the Universe, the Universal Will. This Will objectifies itself in separate manifestations as mineral, plant, bird, beast, man, etc., and in so doing becomes in each an idea with a visible objectivity. Every organism is the outcome of an idea and is shaped and conditioned according to that idea.

When the Will (universal) objectifies itself it becomes in each object the will (particular). It is thus shaped and outlined to a limited and circumscribed purpose, limited and circumscribed by the horizon of the idea in which it objectifies.

The Will is one, whether in its universal or particular sense. It is one Will, but in objectification it appears as many wills. Without the particular or personal form of will we should have no objective world, no external objects whatever, not even the subjective world of thought and idea, for all this is directly attributable to the functioning of the particular or personal will.

But—and here, to my mind, is the great issue in Schopenhauer's philosophy—there comes a time when the personal will must know itself as one with the Universal Will, and to learn this in its full significance it must deny itself; that is, when it is pushing toward definite ends it must turn and say

to the World-Will, "Not my way, but Thine!"

All this sounds sad and sacrificial to the mind which is not ready for such teaching, but it really points the way to freedom and joy, for only the Universal Will is, or can be, free. The personal is forever limited.

Just so long as the personal will clamors for the fulfilment of its desires there must be an attempted exclusion of all that is extraneous to those desires, and this bars out the clear vision of the world. If through extreme sensitiveness to pain I persistently exclude from my consciousness my suffering brother I may thus cloud my clear vision of the world, for in that scene of suffering there may have been something which I needed to see, and if I mistake not I have not escaped the pain I would elude, for it will come in one form and another until I have extracted to the full my needed lesson. Kant's "pure, knowing subject" stands for this clear vision, this pure knowing of truth without fear or prejudice, this touching the thing-in-itself, and not its imperfect expression.

It is thus that the Vedantist teaches the abstraction from personal desires to him who seeks Nirvana, which is true Being, true Consciousness and Bliss. Thus was Emerson led to say: "You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going?"

Actuated no doubt by the same thought Rama Prasad was impelled to the conclusion that Nature herself is a great Yogi, and that humanity has been and is being purified into perfection by the exercise of her sleepless will.

In our own experience how often do we find doors closing ruthlessly in our expectant faces and others opening unexpectedly in their stead. What is this but the action of the Universal Will as over and against our personal will? It is in this sense that man proposes and God disposes. To build and not tear down is to propose as God disposes, and this can be done with a limited acquisition of wisdom by listening to the voice of the Universal Will, which is the voice of Intuition.

The clear vision of the world only comes when the waves of the mind which are stirred into action by the effort of the per-

sonal desires fall into perfect calm and become like a clear, still mirror which reflects the thing-in-itself as it really is and not as it appears when refracted by the mental waves in motion.

Clear vision of the world is the sight of genius in musician, artist or poet. It is the clear perception of pure, knowing subject. As Schopenhauer says in his own inimitable way: "This vision comes when a man ceases to consider the when, the where, the why, and the whither of things and looks simply at the *what*. When he gives the whole power of his mind to perception, sinks himself entirely in this and lets his whole consciousness be filled with the quiet contemplation of the natural object actually present, whether a landscape, a tree, a mountain, a building, or whatever it may be, inasmuch as he loses himself in this object (to use a pregnant German idiom); i. e., forgets even his individuality, his will, and only continues to exist as the pure subject, the clear mirror of the object, so that it is as if the object alone were there, without anyone to perceive it, and he can no longer separate the perceiver from the perception, but both have become one; in such perception the individual has become pure, will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge."

"Genius," says Schopenhauer, "is the faculty of continuing in the state of pure perception, of leaving one's own interests, wishes and aims entirely out of sight, thus of entirely renouncing one's own personality for a time so as to remain pure, knowing subject, clear vision of the world, and this not merely at moments, but for a sufficient length of time, and with sufficient consciousness to enable one to reproduce by deliberate art what has thus been apprehended and to fix in lasting thoughts the wavering images that flit before the mind."

In connection with this, Schopenhauer speaks of those admirable Dutch artists who, in bringing this perception to bear upon the most insignificant objects, were enabled to paint those wonderful pictures of still life which produce such an effect of spiritual peace in the mind of the beholder, partly through the esoteric treatment of the subject and partly through the peaceful, still frame of mind in the artist necessary to the contemplation of his theme. An effect enhanced no doubt by the possibly unquiet state of the beholder

through his own more or less vehement willing.

"All willing arises from want, therefore from deficiency, and therefore from suffering," says Schopenhauer, alluding, of course, to the personal will during its enforced struggle for existence, and while it is yet unconscious of its oneness with the Universal Will, whose vibrations constitute a perfect symphony of Being.

I recognize the necessity for desire and for personal willing in the external functioning, but I also know that there is a place in consciousness which transcends desire, a place where there is no want, deficiency or suffering, and that place I hold to be the place of mastery and of creativeness.

Great is the energy of motion, but greater that of position. There is an energy in repose as well as in action. At the circumference of life there is the push of the personal will, but at the centre there is the great calm of spiritual repose.

Those who dwell much in thought upon the necessity for overcoming and who feel existence to be a tremendous struggle are under the loom of life rather than above it. They have not yet found their way out and above to the position of the weaver, which is theirs by right. The power of the spiritual consciousness has not lessened nor has it ceased to brood lovingly over the heart of humanity stirring it to an inner awakening and a clearer vision in which man shall see himself as he is, and not as he has appeared to be, when seen through a glass darkly.

Evolution is not the full story of life. It is but the foam upon the wave rising and falling upon the ocean of eternity. On the surface is motion, in the depths, stillness.

When man speaks from the evolutionary viewpoint, which is at the circumference of his being, he says: "I do." When he speaks from that of involution, which is at the centre, he says: "I am." It is his privilege to speak from both viewpoints because the entire radius is his, but at the centre is his throne of dominion, and only from thence can he obtain clear vision of the world.

An Interview with Elmer Gates.

I presume that Professor Elmer Gates needs no introduction to the metaphysical reading public, for it is generally known that he has established at Chevy Chase a large laboratory, in which he conducts experiments of the greatest value to both physical and metaphysical science. Professor Gates claims, and rightly, too, that while the mind has been busy with every subject under the sun, it has notably neglected itself. This is, as we all know, a marked defect in the general system of education, a defect which Professor Gates is massing all his effort to correct. He expects to formulate a system of menticulture which shall enable a student to take a short cut to learning, to so use the mind that mentation will be infinitely quicker, more comprehensive, and more profound.

How few realize that there is or can be a science of mentation, that minds can be added to or improved when defective and all according to exact method. Why, Professor Gates has an instrument by which he registers the fatigue point in an individual,

and by oft repeated experiment with compared results he has proved that the fatigue point is reached much sooner when one is suffering from disappointment or grief. Of course, we naturally infer this from personal experience, but it is made doubly sure, clenched, as it were, by these exact scientific experiments.

Some years ago a newspaper report went the rounds to the effect that Professor Gates had discovered the color of sin; that it was red, supposedly because through his experiments with the perspiration or secretions of persons under the influence of unworthy emotion, red was present largely. This was the only foundation for the statement, but, as Professor Gates says, he is accustomed to being written up from the various standpoints of Theosophy, Spiritualism, Materialism, Christian Science and all the cults of the day, each coloring its statements to endorse its own pet theory.

Naturally, I shall do the same, for going there with a preconception that there must be scientific proof of the power of mind over the body and all its ailments, I found just what I sought; and yet I hope I do not garble the text to any appreciable degree.

This is the text. Professor Gates has discovered that by directing the thought to any part of the body there is at once induced a flow of blood to that part. If the feet are cold you direct the thought toward them and they at once become warm. To prove this by a physical test he places one arm in a jar level full of water, and concentrates his thought upon that arm. In a short time there is an overflow of about two ounces of water. Then he places the other arm also in a jar of water, level full, and after filling up the first jar again he concentrates the thought upon the other arm, the one in the second jar, with the result that it shortly overflows as did the first, while this time there is no overflow from the first.

The overflow is caused by the enlargement of the arm through its increased amount of blood, and, knowing this, my mind at once leaped to this deduction, that blood could thus be sent to the eye, the ear, or any part of the body which lacked nutrition or vitality, and in this manner sight and hearing be restored or any vital function rendered operative. I was strengthened in this conclusion upon expressing it to Professor Gates by his stating instances in which similar effects have been produced to his knowledge.

Of course, we who believe in the therapeutic action of thought, know that these things are done, but it is well to know also how they are done, and that is wherein Professor Gates' work is to be of such value to us. I only wish that some lover of science, with a plethora bank account, would endow Professor Gates with a million or two with which to carry on his experiments, as they are enormously expensive, and are not nearly covered by the Government appropriation.

And, O blessed thought, no animal has to suffer under this research. I made a point of asking that, and I found that the only vivisection carried on was among books which are sacrificed wholesale to eliminate unnecessary detail and untried theory from the student's path of learning. Out of 118,000 works on electricity, Professor Gates is condensing one small volume containing all necessary and reliable

knowledge. This simply means a revolution in the whole system of education when carried to its ultimatum.

I am going out there again soon, and will then tell you more. K. A. B.

Prayer as Wireless Telegraphy.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce takes a novel but suggestive view of what is to some people a vexed subject. In the January number of an English publication, called St. John's Parish Magazine, the following report from a recent sermon by him appears:

"Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry, which laughs distance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for Sundered hearts and lives. I can not analyze it and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyze the invisible fragrant vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I can not analyze the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels that excel in strength, who can say?) but which influences would not be set free without the intercession. I can well understand Mary Queen of Scots saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of 10,000 men. Why should not intercession be part of God's regularized workings, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual, because natural? Such forces do exist—call them thought-transference, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting, by divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?"—From "The Literary Digest," February 17, 1900.

The International Metaphysical League,

201 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE.

Its purpose is to establish unity and co-operation of thought and action among all individuals and organizations throughout the world, devoted to the study of the science of mind and being, and to bring them so far as possible, under one name and organization.

To promote interest in and the practice of a true spiritual philosophy of life; to develop the highest self-culture through right thinking as a means of bringing one's loftiest ideals into present realization; to stimulate faith in and study of the higher nature of man in its relation to health, happiness and progress; to teach the universal Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and the all-inclusive brotherhood of man.

That One Life is immanent in the universe and is both centre and circumference of all things, visible and invisible, and that One Intelligence is in all, through all and above all, and that from this Infinite Life and Intelligence proceed all Light, Love and Truth.

These simple statements are, in their nature, tentative, and imply no limitations or boundaries to future progress and growth, as larger measures of light and truth shall be realized.—Constitution.

The Tripod.

By J. C. F. Grumbine.

Crystallization is beautiful in the mineral kingdom; it shows the arch power of geometry in the architecture of forms, but it belongs there, and is out of place, exotic, if you please, in human kind. The sweep of the consciousness and openness of the spirit alone furnish the opportunity for spiritual unfoldment and divine realization. A life in which the springs of spirit are frozen or in which they are permitted to flow, as out of a soda water siphon, may have its uses, but such a life ends in ennui, and is extinguished in mist and emptiness. Few of those who live realize anything beyond the tips of their fingers or the point of their nose. The deep, pure, divine things touch them in vain, like the smile of angels or the music of heaven. The outer theatre with its ballet performances, salacious, erotic behavior and subtle sophistries hold the will and delude the feelings or heart until a pall falls over the mind that absorbs it. Even the new Thought Movement, with its grandiloquent phrases, seems at times to be no other than a well-dressed or behaved man and woman without that virtue which, as Shakespeare expressed it, makes the whole world kin. What is it to any one of us after all? Does it really mean when applied to Religion or the Church more than a new and, no doubt, occult or subtle form of Protestantism? It sounds well; it looks well; it acts well, but that can be said of—well—for instance, an automaton! It is admitted to be half affirmation and half negation or a whole affirmation and a whole negation. It is very like a woman's *no*—subject often to painful reminiscences, bitter repentances and premised revisions. In short, it is not final—it does not go the whole way. It stops in some sweet Bohemia. Not that such a movement is not a powerful one in its way, but it is powerful in its effusiveness and diffusiveness, and not in the issue and end. It forms a seed around which all of its present effort expends itself and then dies, and in that fact lies both its attractiveness and detractiveness; its present need and use and its future decay and annihilation. It is the story over again of the parable of the new wine and the old bottles.

Then, again, in the New Thought Movement, as a whole, there is too much steam for the engine and too narrow and poor a rail for the weight per ton, to use vernacular of the shop. The personality and individuality play too prominent a part and overawe and interfere with the spirit and genius of its spiritual ideals. Like the star opera singers who put dress and coiffure before the parts they are to sing and interpret and thereby spoil the opera, the New Thought Movement is carrying too much sail and too much Fourth of July hurrah and firecrackers, and not enough of applied

spirituality or Divinity. The personal pronoun "I" has usurped the throne of Divinity, and the phrase Universal Spirit, Universal Spirit Power and Presence mean too frequently "I" in the exclusive and not inclusive sense.

Lest some one may have his feelings hurt by so broad and unqualified a statement (the hurt is good, however, if it destroys the vanity), it can be explained that many are living the spiritual life and are universalizing Divinity, and are not causing the world to think that they are so pious that they must hold onto the huckleberry bushes for fear of being suddenly translated. Were such exalted teachers and blessed examples common the world would be the holier for it.

To individualize or personify the Universal should not mean to segregate or separate one from another or one from its parts, but finding the centre or mean between all extremes, it is to think and to live there, to love and work there forever.

There are many teachers before the public, each in his own happy way touching kindred souls and disillusioning the disciples of all that makes evil possible; but such will not and can not succeed in the divine sense until they find a common centre where truth and love can unite all teachers and students, all men and women the world over. In such cities as Chicago, New York, Boston and Washington, how impulsive and fickle is the average student of occultism and the New Thought. Blinded by personality or the temperament and magnetism of the teacher, the exclusive set hobnob together as a mutual admiration society. It is sweet and beautiful in a way to be so ensphered and guarded, but has not this very exclusiveness shut out Infinity and Universality? Perhaps neither the teacher nor the student is wholly to blame, and yet both surely lack spiritual vision and understanding when they fail to recognize a seer or another radiant human centre somewhere in the world in the disguise of another name or cultus! There is value, to be sure, in genius, oratory, magnetism, leadership, which make the path of the few so delightfully easy and so charmingly sweet, where others with less ability, but equally steadfast courage and consecrated life fail wretchedly; however, that is neither here nor there, although incidental—the trouble seems to be that either the people do not know what they need, are not ready for what they need, or they do not need what they are receiving. Perhaps this accounts for the popular jargon of the metaphysical trade and tradesmen. This, indeed, must be the cause of the high-toned and dignified jealousy or envy which frowns upon a fellow-worker or slanders him or loftily ignores him. This must be the source of that awful fear of loss of power and caste which causes certain metaphysical teachers to build Chinese walls around their following and never lose sight of one lamb of the fold. And is this the end of the New Thought, Christian Science, Mental Science, Divine Science, Theosophical and Spiritualistic movements? Alas! if so, let the Radiant Centre remind the workers in the field that whatever may be each one's place or sphere in the circle of thought, life and action, the Centre is the home office and there the prodigal must return to be free and himself.

From an Article by Elmer Gates in the Metaphysical Magazine.

Psychology has pointed out the feasibility of an art of promoting and regulating the use of the mind in discovery, in invention, and in right living, and the development of this art, which I have called Psychurgy, shows that we can systematize the hitherto undirected mental functions of talent and genius, and reduce to scientific rule the haphazard efforts of the mind in discovering Truth. Investigators and thinkers have hitherto violated almost every bodily, environmental and psychologic condition conducive to the best mental functioning, and for some unaccountable reason the human race has studied almost every subject except how best to use that mind which makes all such studies possible. There is a correct way of acquiring scientific data; there is a correct way of regulating bodily and environmental conditions so as to conserve organic energy and promote mental functioning; and the development of such an art of Mentation is destined to exert an important influence upon any individual life and through that upon the life of the race.

You did not create your own consciousness; you did not form the nature and capacities of your own mind; it had its own immanent nature when you first became aware of consciousness, and out of it has grown the total sum of your experiences and possibilities. The wonder of consciousness taking place within us according to its own eternal laws, and in obedience to its own cosmical nature, may well profoundly amaze and astound us. It is an ever-present mystery and wonder towards which our aspirations may lead us to an increasing knowledge, not only of the mind, but of the things in the presence of which it exists.

I regard Mind with as much reverence as I have ever regarded the infinite Cosmic Universe out of which all mind is born. With overwhelming awe I meditate upon the star-studded expanse, with systems of worlds floating therein, and doubtless filled with life—systems of worlds that in presence of Eternity come and go like bubbles upon the stream, but it is with still deeper awe and reverence that I turn to that Awareness in me which is conscious of every passing conscious state; which observes critically, and with absolute justice, the phenomena of mind as they are imperfectly and partially exhibited to me in my consciousness; and I feel that if there be an intelligent purpose or Consciousness at the head of that which has eternally filled unlimited space, then to the extent that I learn the truth about mind, to that extent I become acquainted with the Power that is regnant in nature. Whatever of purpose or plan there is in the whole or in any part of the universe, must be due to mind, and whatever you and I may achieve for self or others must be due to the activity of the mind functioning in us; and this mind which takes place in us, and of which we become aware, is as much a cosmical process as is the flow of the tides or the evolution of the universe. A knowledge of your own mind and how best to use it is your only possible guide, for what can never come to your consciousness can never be a part of you or for you. Mind is the path to the goal of all possibilities. This is the age of the apotheosis of Mind.

J. C. F. Grumbine, editor of "Immortality," president of "The College of Psychical Sciences and Unfoldment," and of "The Order of the White Rose," under the above heading, will give illuminations to vexed souls on questions that relate to the Divine Love and Divine Science. Address him 1718 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.



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Editorial Notes.

I have chosen the spelling of the word Centre which the Century Dictionary gives as English, not through an attack of Anglomania, but simply because that form appeals to me as more effective. I hardly know why, unless it be from the massing of the consonants which produces, to my eye at least, a sort of convex appearance, indicative to me of radiation. This may be a fanciful distinction, but place the words side by side and note the effect: Centre—Center. Does not the latter look concave by contrast? There is a great significance in letters, greater than we know, and when I look even superficially into the mystery of language I am more and more impressed with the mighty wisdom which has created it.

For instance, we say: Spirit is One. Well, One (1) is an integer. Where do we get the word "integer?" From "in" and "tangere," meaning untouched, unhurt, unchanged, sound, whole, entire, pure, honest, and thence we get the derivative "integrity," which applied to man means one who expresses the wholeness of Spirit, one who is honest, sound and pure. Then we have "integration," meaning a drawing together of atoms to form a whole or an integer. We say of Spirit that it can not be hurt. Why? Because it is an integer. And so, you see, that which disintegrates can not be Spirit, for Spirit is the integer, and as Plato said, "If One is, the One can not be many." The One contains its fractions, but it, in itself, is always One.

*"One, as an integer, rules every fraction of life."

*Grumbine.

Yes, it does, and that one truth when understood and applied to daily living would metamorphose the world into sound and healthy conditions, for the only evil existing is incomplete good.

Once there was a savage on an island under British rule. That savage, while outwardly obedient to the governing power, was inwardly true to tribal tradition. So

there came a time when his wife (or the woman assigned to him by the tribe) sickened and died. The tribal code then demanded of the savage that he should go to some other tribe and slay a woman. The British code, of course, did not sanction this proceeding, and the savage, in consequence, showed every sign of a troubled conscience. He grew wan and emaciated, ate nothing and brooded over his troubles. Finally he disappeared and was absent for a time. Returning fat and happy, he confided to a brother savage that he had accomplished his purpose. He had slain that other woman and to his mind the ends of justice were satisfied. Now, was this justice? Well, at the base of justice lies equilibrium, and to the undeveloped mind of the savage only the crude base was visible. It meant to him simply that tribes must be weighed in the balance and when a woman was taken out of one a woman must go from the other or the scales would not be even. And so I offer this little illustration in proof of the statement that evil is incomplete good. The savage was just, so far as he understood justice.

Probably the next higher grade of savage would have slain a *man* to equilibrate the loss of the *woman*.

The above is suggested by my recent attendance at some of the sessions of the Woman's Suffrage Association, which has just closed a triumphant convention here. Packed houses, almost without standing room, were the order of the day. Magnificent women charmed the ear and electrified the brain, among them the Rev. Ida C. Hultin, the Rev. Anna Shaw, May Wright Sewall, Florence Howe Hall, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and our great Susan B. Anthony. What a change for Miss Anthony since the days when she was hooted and jeered by the same changeable public which now delights to honor and applaud. I was talking the other day with Mrs. Ruth Dennison, of this city, who remembers a meeting held here when there were distinct signs of impending rough usage at the hands of a mob. A friend urged Mrs. Dennison to leave the hall. "No!" said this grand woman, "I stand here for the principle in which I believe. My place is by Miss Anthony, and here I remain." What brings the tears to my eyes as I write this? They are not tears of sorrow. I am touched in just this way when Miss Anthony steps upon the platform and is greeted by a storm of applause, to all of which she is as smilingly indifferent as she once was to the storm of abuse which assailed her. She moves now on the arm of President McKinley with the same calm majesty of front once presented to the howling mob. If this is not the mastery of transcendent spirit, what is it?

I stepped into the Riggs House one day to see the bas-relief of Miss Anthony on exhibition there. I had been told that she turned pale at the sight of it, and I do not wonder, for the entire get-up reminds one of the paraphernalia of death. In the first place the bas-relief is a travesty on Miss Anthony. It is absolutely without her expression. There may be a slight likeness of feature, but there is an utter failure to present the character of the woman. Added to the deadness of the face, the cold blue of an overhanging drapery and a white ribbon drawn before it to keep off an overcurious public produce a composite which lowers the temperature of your emotion to a point below zero, and you instinctively exclaim, Let me escape from the chamber of death. Miss Anthony is not here!

Speaking of organizations, the would-be individualist shies at sight of one, perhaps, because he feels himself to belong to that one great organization, the universe, and will have nothing short of it. That is all well enough, but a great deal of good is accomplished by lesser associations. Organization has lifted us out of the conditions of savagery and given us the protection of a government in which with a tolerable and ever increasing freedom we can pursue our various arts, sciences, professions, trades and general callings. Again, as a remonstrance to tyranny, organization must pit itself against organization.

Organization is a good thing, too, because it enables many people of like tastes and community of thought to come together in systematic and orderly manner and evolve from their association the greatest good for all.

You do not know anything about your quality of radiation until it meets that of your brother. If you can not assimilate with him and adjust your seeming differences in an amicable manner, something is wrong. Your light is refracted. It does not shine straight from the centre.

The International Metaphysical League is unquestionably a good thing in the line of organization. It does not exist for purposes of pecuniary profit, but solely for the mental and spiritual advancement of all its members and the world at large. I, for one, am deeply interested in an organization of this sort, which does not in any sense curtail individual freedom, and gives so much that is helpful in return for the small membership fee. Remember, all this work is at the circumference of life, but a circumference is necessary to a centre. One could not be without the other.

Immediately upon the first issue of "The Radiant Centre" letters began to pour in upon me, many of them filled with hearty commendation, and some with kindly advice. The child having seen the light of day, all the good motherly souls of my acquaintance longed to see it brought up properly. It was a fairly promising child, they said, but would it continue so as years went on, and it waxed to maturity? And so they offered their regime for health and good manners.

One said: "Well, dear girl, you have more courage than I, bless your heart, to start a paper in the face of twenty-five or thirty already devoted to free thought. But you are on the right track, etc., etc. Avoid praise as well as blame for either papers or people; simply ring out sledgehammer blows of truth as you see it."

Now, that friend, with all her good will, did not know the least little bit about me. In the first place I have not the sledgehammer style, and if I had it, I believe I would drop it, because I prefer a gentler method. In the second place I can very well do without blaming papers and people, but I can not do without praising them so long as my heart is alive to the good in others and desirous of seeing it.

Why, what is the use of truth at all, if it does not make us sweeter, kinder, truer each to the other. Truth, it seems to me, is the material to be used in the building of character. We go to the centre for truth, and we carry it to the circumference for our building purposes. It has no other value that I can discover.

The Hartford Times, in review, states that "The Radiant Centre" seems to be on mental science lines, although disclaiming the name of mental science. Yes; for the reason that mental science is a misnomer. In its strict sense it means the science of metaphysics without reference to therapeutic application. Mental Therapeutics is a better term.

I certainly believe with all my heart in Mental Therapeutics or the healing agency of thought. It is in the lead, far and away beyond all other methods for the treatment of disease. I say *Mental Therapeutics* for whatever the primal cause of cure, *mind* is the direct agent employed.

Of one thing I am certain. It is this: That while the leading sects in the art of mental healing are building up walls of division about themselves and their followers, they are by that very means stultifying their healing power by the spirit of antagonism; so that while their fortified walls bar out the intruder they also imprison the healing power and effectually prevent its egress to the waiting world outside the walls.

ED.

What is Said of the Radiant Centre.

A new monthly paper has appeared in Washington city called The Radiant Centre. It is edited and published by Mrs. Kate Atkinson Boehme. It appears to be on mental science healing lines, though she disclaims the name of "mental science," "spiritual science," or "Christian science." She asserts with positiveness: "I persistently decline to label myself." She reminds one of the Indian who entered the gate of St. Peter, where those who had preceded him had told St. Peter to what denomination they belonged, and were each assigned to the Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist corner, or whatever corner the particular faith indicated.

When the Indian was asked to what faith he belonged, he replied: "O, I don't belong to anybody."

"Well, then," said St. Peter, "you may roam all over the orchard."

Mrs. Boehme has the freedom of all orchards and cults, and serves up to her readers the good she finds in all of them. Her thought on "Immortal Youth" is worth thinking of. She says she knows people who grow younger with the flight of time. This is one of her sentences:

"Did you ever observe a face under the spell of beautiful emotion and note how it was transfigured, how the eyes brightened, the mouth changed its curves, the cheeks softened and dimpled, and the lines of age faded out? What worked the charm? The motion of spirit. But the motion passed and the poor face returned to its deadness, its hard and settled lines, its wrinkles and its absence of beauty. Gone was the angel that stirred the waters. Now, here is the point. We can live so that the angel will stay with us and keep the waters of spirit in motion. Beauty and youth will take up their abode with us and mould our atoms into their own sweet pattern. Wonders can be wrought in a year. You express in the body what is much in the mind, therefore if the mind will abstract itself for a time each day from the cares and annoyances of life, barring the door against them, and then uplift itself in the attitude of aspiration to the spirit, a refreshing influx will pour in. It may be slight at first, but it will increase until finally the mind will be filled to overflowing with spiritual joy, peace and blessedness."

Some one asks Mrs. Boehme if she believes that death can be conquered, and her reply, in which she refers to nature's "impishness" in certain cases, is unique, to say the least. She believes that death can be conquered. While it is a natural process, that, according to her reasoning, does not show that it is the right one, for nature makes many mistakes—trees are misshapen, blasted; flowers and fruits are withered and worm-eaten; frosts "impishly" nip off all the fruit of the coming season. That is "a mistake of poor old nature, who doesn't seem to have learned much in all her years of practice on this globe. Death is another of her mistakes; she nips off people as readily as oranges." And here Mrs. Boehme thinks the only thing for us to do is to take our case to a higher court—to the supreme court of one's own being, and if we can find there that we can make good our claim to immortal life in the body, we have simply to go back and fight it out with nature. "After some show of resistance she always

yields to a decision of the supreme court of spirit."

But the writer doesn't want to live forever in the body, doesn't want to be pinned forever to this little globe, though she thinks we can live a few thousand years if we want to.—From an editorial in Hartford Times.

The Radiant Centre is the hopeful title of the latest publication in helpful work. Founded upon the interdependent trinity of philosophy, science and religion, its teachings can not but be far-reaching and give profitable thought to all its readers. Tasteful in appearance and well filled with good reading, its initial number holds forth every promise of a successful future. Its editor, Kate Atkinson Boehme, needs no introduction, for her work in the field of advance thought is widely known, and she is recognized as a leader of marked ability.—Boston Ideas.

The first issue of "The Radiant Centre" is very promising. Notwithstanding the numerous advanced thought periodicals which are seeking the public favor, "there is always room at the top." Such a broad and ably conducted philosophical journal as this one, must very soon find wide and discriminating appreciation.

HENRY WOOD,

Author of *Ideal Suggestion*; *God's Image in Man*; *Victor Serenus* and other works.

To the Editor of Radiant Centre.

What a fine and attractive paper "Radiant Centre" is. The sweep of the thought is deep and majestic like the swells of the ocean.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE,

Editor of "Immortality" and President of the Order of the White Rose and the College of Psychological Sciences.

My Dear Mrs. Boehme:

"The Radiant Centre" is received. Its name is most suggestive and reminds one of Browning's familiar line:

"There is an inmost centre in us all
Where Truth abides in fullness."

Its purpose is sublime—to teach the science of unconditioned Being.

Its editor's keynote has always sounded in harmony with that declaration of the Vedas:

"I am Existence absolute
I am Knowledge absolute
I am Bliss absolute."

Its expression in type and paper are unusually satisfactory to a reading public, and its rays will surely shine afar and kindle many another radiant centre.

Hail to the new "Day Star!" Truly the morning cometh! May the Radiant Centre bring to many the very Light of Life.

Cordially yours,

C. B. NEWCOMB,

Author of "All's Right with the World," and other works.

I wish to commend most heartily to the metaphysical reading public the new metaphysical paper, "The Radiant Centre," whose editor is Kate Atkinson Boehme, of Washington, D. C. I have had the pleasure of reading her "Seven Essays on the Attainment of Happiness," and I found them to be exceedingly interesting expositions of the truths of the Higher Thought and Life. Her first article in the January number of "The Radiant Centre" discovers profound thought and true spiritual insight. May large success attend this new venture in the realm of metaphysical journalism.

EGBERT MORSE CHESLEY.

[Professor Chesley is a prominent member of the Boston Metaphysical Club, and a well-known writer on metaphysical subjects.]

Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Dear Madame: I have received the initial number of your "Radiant Centre," and am constrained to send you a line of congratulation. The title you have chosen is quite felicitous, and the contents are in keeping with the name. With material so varied in character and style of presentation, yet pointing fundamentally to a common purpose, your journal should do much good among the increasing army of thinkers who are seeking a way out of the dilemmas of modern theology. Your matter is intelligently selected, skilfully edited, and well printed. These are the essential requirements in successful journalism; and, as your "Questions and Answers" department is a veritable correspondence school of philosophy, I bespeak a prosperous career for your literary venture.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN EMERY McLEAN,
Associate editor of *The Arena*.

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

Thank you for sending me "The Radiant Centre." Please put my name on your subscription list. Your paper will prove a success, because it will deserve it. The first number strikes me as being very much alive. It has an alert and business-like get-up that means much. Such a centre of energy, so splendidly poised, must radiate "the light of wisdom and the warmth of love" far and wide, to the effective upbuilding of the metaphysical movement and the spread of its mission to humanity.

Yours faithfully,

PAUL TYNER,
Editor of "The Temple."

Dear Mrs. Boehme:

Just a word about your paper, "The Radiant Centre." It is clean cut, liberal and bracing. I glory in your independence in refusing to be labelled as any kind of a scientist, or to be hitched to any particularism or ology. Truly the radiant centre comprehends ALL and there is no patented way for reaching the sublime consciousness of that centre. Success to the paper.

Cordially yours,

J. E. SEARING.

[A man whose opinion I value highly, and one whom the world is going to recognize as a writer of originality and force.—Ed.]

The Radiant Centre is one of the levers by which the human race is being lifted from the plane of materialism to that of spirituality. It is helping to change the basis of thought from sense-perception to soul-perception.

THEO. F. SEWARD,

Founder of the "Don't Worry Club" Movement.

Animals' Heaven.

From time to time very interesting stories reach us of the amiable condition of the wild animals in the Yellowstone National Park, where the strictest regulations prohibit the killing of any living thing. This wild and beautiful domain is said to be the one spot on the continent where the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are no longer afraid of man; where indeed that most felonious of all predatory cattle, the gray wolf, with an amiable wag of his tail, stands by the roadside and watches the coaching party go by, and the brown bears come down to the hotels at night to be fed.

So marked has this millennial bit of animated Nature become that it has attracted the attention of philosophers no less than of tourists, and the question is being asked if man might not have subjugated the whole animal kingdom long ago had he only adopted the Law of Love instead of giving way to his destructive nature. There is something almost penitential in his establishment of this peaceful Eden, after having exterminated the bison and driven the grouse from the face of the earth, and the Yellowstone Park is growing to be a monument to his own reproaches. Practically, it is something more than that. It is beautiful evidence of the growing disposition of humanity to treat dumb animals with consideration. We have been very late about it, but it is none the less valuable on that account.

It is only a large and benign philosophy that invites the friendship and the confidence of the brute creation, and, although man can only afford to be magnanimous to the wildest animals after he has consummated his mastery over them, there is something fine and generous in the contrast that the United States offers to the rest of the world in closing a special domain, not for princes to kill in and not for the bêteau of the sportsman, but to enable the lion to lie down with the lamb, if he only will, and where in time a little child may lead them.—Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

The above is sufficient evidence that the Law of Love put into operation will subdue and transform the most ferocious nature. Even plant life may thus be controlled.

Every one knows that flowers will grow more readily and more beautifully for the one who loves them. The farmer who loves his work, and plants and cultivates his seeds with pleasure, and is filled with joy when he sees them grow, not merely because there is money in it, but for the reason that he loves all that his labor has produced, seldom has a mortgage on his farm, and if he has one, it is only for a short time—it is soon paid off; for the farmer who is contented and loves his work, and loves the things that his work has made to manifest, will prosper. Nature, or "fate," as some call it, is never against him, for he has conquered her with love. It is true that humanity can "take up serpents; and if they

drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them"—if they will put away all fear, and adopt the Law of Love. Human beings create antagonism in everything they hate. Hate is a deadly poison; and Love is its only antidote.

The almost human traits that the dog often manifests, are those that it has incorporated in its being through its association with those who love it.

Society keeps the criminal wedded to his evils, for the same reason that animals are vicious—lack of love on the part of society, and the display of hatred and revenge. It reaps as it has sown.

* * *

It is the perfection of the details that go to make up the harmony or Heaven of the Whole. Each human being, being but a detail of the Whole, is therefore responsible for his or her portion of its perfection.—Lucy A. Mallory, in *Universal Republic*.

Pierre Loti says, with exquisite feeling: "I have often seen with an infinitely sad disquietude the souls of animals appear in the depths of their eyes. I have seen the soul of a cat or dog reveal itself suddenly, as sad as a human soul, and search for my soul with tenderness, supplication or terror; and I have felt a deeper pity for the souls of animals than for those of my brothers because they were without speech, and incapable of coming forth from their semi-night. * * * She (his cat) must have known that her eyes were open to my eyes; that is to say, mirrors in which her little soul could anxiously seek to find the reflection of mine. They are frightfully near us when you think of it, the animals who are capable of thinking such things." And again he says, "What a strange mystery, what a problem of soul is the constant affection of an animal with its enduring gratitude!"—Chicago Vegetarian.

Every woman reader of this paper should eschew the wearing of feathers and birds. We say readers of this paper because the readers are supposed to dwell in the higher realms of thought and love other things better than adorning themselves for show. Just think of a delicate, sensitive woman that would cry her eyes out if she saw anyone torturing a cat decking herself out in the stuffed bodies of poor, little helpless birds! The wholesale slaughter of our feathered songsters is one of the crimes of the twentieth century dawn.—Editorial paragraph in Faith and Hope Messenger.

Reformed Christian Science.

In an address delivered before the International Metaphysical League last October, Mrs. Jane W. Yarnall made the following statement: "The movement recently inaugurated in Washington, under the name Reformed Christian Science, we believe to be a step of great importance, because it is the beginning of an exodus out of great bondage."

I desire to call the attention of all readers of "The Radiant Centre" to the article by Professor E. M. Chesley, of Boston, in the February number of "The Coming Age" on "The Ideal Philosophy of Leibnitz." This able exposition of the philosophy of one of the greatest metaphysical thinkers of the world has a most important bearing on the new Philosophy of Health.—[Ed.]

Answers to Correspondents.

Do not fear that the stamp enclosed in your letter will escape if not attached to the paper.

Always give your address in full, even though you may have written before. If your name does happen to be in our address book it saves time and trouble to have it at hand in your letter.

If you enclose money, mention the fact, to guard against mistakes or omissions in our credit book.

If your letter of enquiry is not replied to at once, do not get impatient or set the fact down as registering lack of interest on the part of the editor, for if you do, you will be mistaken.

When no answer comes by letter, look for it in the correspondence column.

Question 1. You bid me not to make this a matter of so much thought and reasoning, but pray tell me can one change the strong tendency to do so when it seems imperative as a means to the end of freedom?

Answer. I would not undervalue reason, but this I must say, I am inclined to look upon it very much as did Schopenhauer, who said: "Every simpleton has reason—give him the premises and he will draw the conclusions; whereas primary, consequently intuitive knowledge is supplied by the Understanding." Reason may confirm knowledge, but it can not give it. Reason does not work without materials to work with, and these materials are furnished by the Understanding. The Understanding is the Knower, the Perceiver, and it is well called the Understanding because it stands under all mental processes. It apprehends, takes hold of, grasps the essentials of life, and then reason steps in and talks about them. Understanding listens to this talk and pronounces upon it. Now, I know that I exist, that I am. Does reasoning make this essential fact more or less known to me? I think not. I exist beyond doubt, whether reason accredits or discredits the fact.

And so I believe we may reason forever upon Spiritual verities growing old and gray in the pursuit of wisdom, and miss it in the end, while our spectacled eyes still go on automatically seeking it where it is not.

You are doubtless reasoning upon a lot of facts which you have picked up second-hand and have not perceived for yourself. All things wait on your perception. Nature and humanity are breathing toward you their wonderful secrets, but you do not feel them. Get in touch with living creatures. Get into the soul of things. Take down the wall which shuts you away from the heart throbs of others, and nothing will close its heart to you if yours be open. When this wall of separation is down you will find the freedom which you are seeking. Now your thought goes round and round within the limits of self. You are saying: How shall I find freedom? How shall I find peace? How shall I find satisfaction for all my aspirations? The chances are that if you think of anything outside the I it is to make it tributary to yourself.

O, yes, you do. I know, for I have been through every step of the experience myself, until finally the "I" became a living horror to me, and I should have welcomed

self-annihilation. But fortunately such conditions have within themselves the elements of their own destruction. When self becomes a source of unqualified misery, you seek to escape from it, and in so doing are driven out of bondage and over the threshold of freedom, with many a lash, 'tis true, as horses are whipped out of a burning stable; still it is an escape.

If you can not get out just yet, move toward the door, at least, and look forth from it. Cease watching and weighing your mental processes. That is all well enough for purposes of science, but it will never take you out of yourself and into touch with the living, pulsing heart of the universe.

And so I say again, you do reason and think too much. Just sit quietly and perceive until there comes to you, "clear vision of the world." Good is at the very heart of things, but only the "clear vision" can see it thus.

(Some reader may object that the foregoing advice does not harmonize with the statement made in the interview with Elmer Gates to the effect that it was desirable to concentrate the thought upon certain parts of the body to produce healthful conditions. To which I reply that the metaphysical doctor must diagnose each case, and to each apply a specific remedy. The diagnosis in this instance shows too much concentration about the personal "I." In another, it might, on the contrary, show too little. I would not in any instance decri the personal, but would seek to bring it into proper relation to the impersonal. Without a certain amount of this sort of concentration the personal mind and body would be dissipated throughout space. It is really the organizing force, but where there is too much condensation or concentration around a given centre, reaction ensues and there is a tendency to fly apart. It is the extreme in either case which should be avoided.)

Question 2. In reading your writings on Philosophy, and in particular on the attainment of happiness, I should like to ask you whether you could in any way give a clear outline of the daily exercise in the return to the spiritual conception of oneness with the universe. I must frankly say that this has never been quite clear to me, and as you seem to feel and also manifest it, will you kindly tell me how to do it.

Answer. There is no formula. I can only suggest that which has been helpful to me, but which might be meaningless to you. The idea which I have outlined in the first article of this issue of The Radiant Centre, viz., "Clear Vision of the World," brought me into the realization of at-onement. It came to me one beautiful day in summer, when I went far out in the country for the purpose of meditation. I sat down near a magnificent tree and thought I would try sinking my consciousness in it. I found this not an easy thing to do. I would persist in thinking about the tree rather than into it. But finally I attained that state in which perceiver and perceived are one, and then the revelation came. With it also came a feeling of exaltation, an increase of vital force, intense happiness, and a great joy in living. My vision seemed suddenly to have widened. I felt a great sense of expansiveness and exultant freedom. My life seemed flowing into every life and every life into mine with

delightful interplay of sympathy. I seemed caught up into the ecstasy of a new and heavenly state. I seemed not to think but only to feel. I breathed a new and vitalizing ether of some higher sphere, and from that hour the whole world changed for me. Since then I have known for a surety that happiness does not come from circumstance or surrounding, but from the inner adjustment of the personal life to the universal.

Afterward I thought my experience was something like that of one of those little pools which one sees on the beach after the tide has ebbed away and left it alone on the sand. When, with the influx of the incoming tide it is joined again to ocean, how refreshed and vivified it must feel. It gladly loses itself in the ocean and helps to swell its mighty currents, again to be thrown upon the sand, and again to return to its source, back and forth in endless rhythm, just as the human life flows out into the personal and back into the impersonal; out on its mission and back into its supply.

When the hours of my meditation were over I came back into the city, and alighting from a car, I stood on a corner waiting for a carriage to roll by before I made the crossing. The carriage contained two beautifully appareled women, and at one time I should have contrasted my appearance with theirs, for upon returning from a long jaunt in the country on a warm and dusty day one does not appear at one's best. I knew the wind had blown my hair into many a tag-lock, and my hat was doubtless over one ear; but what did it matter? Was I not one with those beautiful women in their fresh and dainty gowns? Did I not sit in that carriage, one with its other occupants in loving sympathy of enjoyment? Of course I did. Once I would not have felt it to be so, but now I was one with all life; and I stepped briskly homeward, dusty and disheveled, but happier than any queen, for the whole world was mine.

I do not know what to call that experience; it had certainly nothing to do with reason, but, call it what you will, it was like stepping into a new consciousness. And so I speak not from untried theory when I say the personal self can become one with the great and universal Self.

Of one thing be assured: You are drawn by your aspiration unerringly toward the at-onement which you seek, and you will find it, although the manner of that finding be not yet revealed. It is the law that you should come into unison with the universe, and you will.

Question 3. I have been brought suddenly into very unpleasant publicity. People are saying all sorts of unkind things about me and I seem powerless to set matters right. Even my husband is more or less influenced by all this talk and inclined to censure me. I live in a small community and my life here seems wholly blighted. Is it possible for me to rise above it all?

Answer. Yes, it is. There is a state of mind in which you will not care whether you are called a hypocrite or a hyena. If you are not either, you can rest in that knowledge, and wait. If you are right it will in time be made manifest. If you have made a mistake, as we all do, put the fact behind you and push on to better things. This experience, if taken aright,

will add to your dignity and spiritual supremacy. You have nothing to fear, and just for your benefit I am going to quote Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem:

A FABLE.

Some cawing Crows, a hooting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh-fowl
One day all met together,
To hold a caucus and settle the fate
Of a certain bird (without a mate),
A bird of another feather.

"My friends," said the Owl with a look
most wise,

"The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper;
Yet the world is praising her, so I'm told,
And I think her actions have grown so
bold

That some of us ought to stop her."

"I have heard it said," quoth Hawk, with a
sigh,

"That young lambs died at the glance of
her eye,

And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This, and more, I am told they say—
And I think the only proper way
Is never to recognize her."

"I am quite convinced," said Crow, with a
caw,

"That the Eagle minds no moral law,
She's a most unruly creature."
"She's an ugly thing," piped Canary Bird;
"Some call her handsome—it's so absurd—
She hasn't a decent feature."

Then the old Marsh-hen went hopping
about,
She said she was sure—she hadn't a
doubt—

Of the truth of each bird's story;
And she thought it a duty to stop her
flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the gilt from her glory.

But, lo! from a peak on the mountain
grand
That looks out over the smiling land
And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid
wings—

She rises, rises and upward swings,
With a slow majestic motion.

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture away she flies,
Close to the Great Eternal;
She sweeps the world with her piercing
sight—
Her soul is filled with the infinite
And the joy of things supernal.

Thus rise forever the chosen of God,
The genius-crowned or the power shod,
Over the dust-world sailing;
And back, like splinters blown by the
winds,
Must fall the missiles of silly minds,
Useless and unavailing.

—THE—

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